

Brice Taylor - Thanks for the Memories

## Chapter Twenty-six: Dodger Diamonds

The following information documents some, but by no means all, of the experiences I recovered in relation to my use with Tommy Lasorda and the Los Angeles Dodgers. I have randomly selected specific events I believe will aid you the reader in understanding just how far mind control, gone unchecked, has proliferated.

Tommy Lasorda gave a new meaning to the Dodger lineup. Instead of the Dodgers lining up, it was women and children lining up for the baseball team to choose from, for sex. A Dodger incentive to do better - to win more! If they won, they got to choose - if they lost, no women.

"Dodger diamonds" had a double meaning. In addition to the baseball diamond as on a baseball field, in my experience, it also referred to the "Dodger Diamonds," the mind-controlled women the Dodgers could select from for sex. Lasorda often spoke in cryptic language, intended to manipulate and inspire the Dodgers. Here's an example. One evening as he spoke to the team, he said, "If you play good on the Dodger diamond (the playing field), you will get in return a 'Dodger Diamond'" (a sex slave). Presidential model sex slaves often wore diamonds as program identifiers. My daughter and I wore diamonds, as well.

Back in the men's locker room when the women and children in the "Dodger lineup" were in their places, Lasorda would point to a woman or child who had been 'chosen' by a player and say, "he'll take that one." He never referred to anyone by name - always just pointed and said, "that one." It was part of the "game" they played after a win. The Dodgers weren't allowed to just go up and pick one of us. They had to tell Lasorda who they wanted and then he would make the announcement. We then stepped forward to the player we were chosen by and went with him to another room, corner or wherever he pleased. Sometimes the locker room was

filled with Dodgers having sex with women and children at the 7th inning stretch, to "inspire and invigorate the team," as Lasorda would say. But most of the time it was done after a winning game.

Sometimes I got stuck with that little short guy - the one that walked like a duck to first base. His name was Ron Cey. He would often pick me from the lineup. After I was chosen, he would lean against the wall with one arm and talk casually to me for a minute before he had sex with me. He was impressed with how well I could have sex standing up against the wall. He also liked my hair and the whole idea that I was married. He seemed to know all about me, while I knew nothing about him, except that he smelled like sweat and was really gross to the personality inside me who was created especially for this Dodger purpose.

Cyndy Garvey (Steve Garvey's now ex-wife) was often part of the "Dodger lineup" of women and children to be chosen by the Dodgers for sex after a winning game. My daughter Kelly was also occasionally used. They usually put Krisha and Whitney (the Garvey's young daughters) into the lineup. The players who performed the best during the game got to choose first.

One night when they put Krisha and Whitney in the lineup, it was Whitney's first night. She was now "old enough" to participate, in spite of the fact that she was only four or five years old. Cyndy started screaming, "No, not Whitty!" (That was the nickname she called Whitney.) Two men stepped forward and grabbed Cyndy by the arms and whisked her away. They took her into the next room and we could all hear her screaming. It was awful.

"If you step out of line, you always pay the price, maybe with your life." Lasorda said. Then they took Whitney out of the line and into a side room, and we could all hear her screaming and crying.

Lasorda said to those of us remaining, "We won't have that problem anymore, will we." He was very brutal.

When they brought Cyndy back into the room, Lasorda said Cyndy's behavior had caused Whitney to get hurt. He said, "If the mother had acted respectably, there wouldn't have been a problem."

When they brought Whitney back out, she could barely walk. She didn't make it into the lineup that night; she was too injured.

I experienced and witnessed these types of horrors that kept me from ever interfering with what they were doing to my children, especially Kelly. I knew from experience that they would hurt her worse if I ever tried to protect her.

On nights the Dodgers lost, there was no Dodger lineup game and we would all go home, but not before the Dodgers saw us lined up and then leaving. Tommy said he wanted the boys to learn from their mistakes and to have incentive to win big. "Big wins equals big bucks," Lasorda said.

Tommy Lasorda and others humiliated Cyndy. They brought me into the locker room and put me up against the shower wall. They put Cyndy across the room but close by, and they brought Steve in. He had sex with me standing up against the wall. Cyndy was forced to watch and then someone, usually Lasorda, would tell her she wasn't good enough or enough of a woman for Steve. They told her she was stupid and backward. Then Lasorda slapped her across the face really hard. I don't know why they did that, but they did it to me also and I watched other women get slapped often. While this was going on, Steve was laughing sadistically. Cyndy looked like she wasn't really "there." Soon after, Tommy Lasorda took her out and sat her behind the dug out where she usually sat during the games - being the dutiful and supportive Dodger wife.

On nights like these, Tommy gave the press orders not to talk to or interview Cyndy. He told them if they did he would have them thrown out of the ballpark and he would have their job. If they asked

why, he would say, "She's not quite herself tonight."

In line with the information about Project Monarch, some rich people actually own certain Dodger players and their children. Often it's cryptically called "sponsoring," but it's really ownership (much like owning a racehorse) because the owner makes all the decisions about the players life without the knowledge or consent of the player. When the player does well, the owner collects large sums of money from behind the scenes.

Steve Garvey, his (now ex) wife Cyndy, and their two children were "sponsored" (owned) by some wealthy person and from what I saw, the family was manipulated much the same way mine was, through mind control, for the financial benefit of others.

One night I watched, as I waited for the "lineup," while Lasorda was coaching the team. He chalked a diagram of the field onto a large chalkboard. The Dodgers were all sitting on a bench in front of him. Lasorda spoke in funny rhymes to some of the players, rhymes that didn't make much sense to me. It seemed that the players were like robots that were robotically manipulated by the words Lasorda spoke to them. I overheard him say, "Steve (Garvey), you will hit a home run. Ron (Cey), you will bunt since you're a runt. Only runts bunt." And he went on and on like that, seeming to program the plays into the players.

I never did end up watching much of the ballgames. If I tried I couldn't concentrate to watch because I was programmed to not see the players or to recognize them if I should see them. I was pre-programmed to not look at the Dodgers with the phrase, "there will be blood everywhere, if you continue to stare," or "you won't recognize them anywhere, you won't even know they are there." People who didn't know how I was programmed often teased me about my inability to follow or understand baseball games. One time, after attending games for a long time, I asked my husband and the couple that was with us, "Who are those men down there in suits?"

They looked at me like I was retarded and laughed in embarrassment for my question, and then explained, "Those are the umpires." I didn't know.

I was just obeying program.

Craig took me to the Dodger games, but I never wanted to go. I hated to go, but had no reason I could "think" of for not liking or attending the games. Sometimes our small children would go with us,

and then they would show up in the "Dodger lineup" to be used by the Dodgers for sex. I felt very out of control, despite the mind control I was under. Personalities inside of me didn't know how my children got there or how they would get home or if they would be safe or killed. Craig stood and watched like a zombie and often had this strange, nervous laugh that happened when he was anxiously trying to be a part of things. We were both totally helpless to think or act in order to protect our children or ourselves.

Tommy Lasorda was connected to a lot of mob-type men. They were always around Dodger Stadium in their suits with concealed weapons.

At times there were secret, private meetings at Dodger Stadium during the games. Sometimes the meetings were between politicians and at other times there were meetings where drug deals took place, or meetings between mob members and other top leaders in politics and/or the entertainment field. These meetings often took place during the time the games were being played. In the early years, money was transferred for drugs, illegal stocks, bonds, or other investments. Money in briefcases was exchanged for something in another briefcase. In my experience, this could have been anytime from 1976 on. Bob Hope was limoed in just for a brief exchange and then left quickly. He had a thing for Cyndy, always kissing her and touching her breasts while she just stood robotically.

Whoever owned the Dodgers at one time used to come into the big fancy restaurant there at Dodger Stadium or into the locker room. Many times Bob Hope would limo me in and give me specific instructions on how to seduce this man and ask him key questions or deliver messages. One owner had dark skin, dark hair, was average build, and always wore a suit and dark glasses. He liked it when I took his glasses off his face, laid them down and started kissing him. He wore strong cologne and black

underwear, and had a holder for a gun he carried on his ankle. I was used to "disarming" men by "carefully" removing their weapons while I was seducing and disrobing them. I was instructed to do that sometimes for people who wanted others eliminated. They sent me in to seduce and disarm the person and then they would send in a hit man. I wasn't functional for days after one of these events so they quit using me for that type of assignment.

This particular Dodger owner didn't like to be seen in public. He didn't operate alone and had a company of mob-type men who worked for him. One day Bob Hope sent me in to "console" him. He was sitting alone on a locker room bench. I walked up to him and put my hand on his back so as not to startle him. He knew me and thought I worked for Lasorda. So, he let me go through my routine as I kissed him, rubbed his neck, and got him calm and relaxed. Then he said, "Let's get out of here." And he took me to a room at the stadium that is plush with a big bed in it. He ordered a bottle of champagne and caviar from the restaurant and we got it quickly. I used the little white pills I was instructed to place in drinks to get the most cooperation when I was sent in to gather information. He had sex with me and afterwards I asked him questions about a Colombian drug connection. I asked him where the transactions were taking place and he said, "Jamaica." Then I asked him when they were taking place and he answered, "in the spring when the apple blossoms are on the trees." And I asked him "who" and he told me, "Tommy's group and the Feds." It seemed like everyone always knew everyone else.

Reagan came to the Stadium on occasion. He often met with Hope. They met in the restaurant there when the restaurant was closed to the general public and made plans. I know because I was witness to their conversations as I sat with them. Sometimes my job was to listen and correct them if anything they said went against something in my data/mind files. These deals were connected up to whoever was in the White House at the time. Reagan, Ford, and Bush were all there at different times. With the

Presidents, it seemed that there was already built into this corrupt<sup>245</sup> drug/porn network a place or slot for the highest levels of government - the President - because the people who were Presidents came and went, but the job they did was always the same. It seemed like the stadium was a place where they could meet undetected or something.



On occasion I was flown away in a helicopter with Secret Service agents and taken to DC and debriefed or given new information to deliver somewhere else around the country. Then I was flown home.

Leaders from all over met at the Dodger Stadium. It was where the U.S. Government, White House level and state level, met with the Mob drug connections and made "deals." These deals were made with people and leaders from all over the world. No one ever knew they were there as they were limoed or helicoptered in and out at precise times--carefully coordinated and timed by the Secret Service.

During the time Steve Garvey was playing for the Dodgers he had an office in Calabasas that was used by him and the group that controlled him for illegal activities and pornography-adult and kiddy porn. I was filmed pornographically in Steve's so-called office with a variety of people, including himself, his wife, and his children. Even my own children were pornographically filmed there at different times.

Sometimes they filmed my daughter Kelly with Whitney and Krisha in kiddie porn. Lots of other children were filmed pornographically including our oldest son Kevin. But these weren't filmed at Dodger Stadium; instead they were filmed in private offices or homes.

Cyndy and I were filmed together in porn, at Steve's office. We both had little skimpy French maid aprons on and nothing else. Cyndy wore something like a black eye mask, maybe in their effort to disguise her. She had a bowl of whipped cream that she held and smeared all over her body and I was forced to lick it off of her while they filmed. I was told beforehand what to do and say. They took close up shots when I was commanded to perform oral sex on her.

There was other pornography shot during this time, beginning in the 1980's. When my daughter Kelly was old enough (3 and up) they began filming Cyndy, our daughters, and myself. A title to one of these films was Mommy

and Me.

Porn of Cyndy and I was filmed on a private beach in Malibu. I was picked up in a white van and at other times was picked up by a limo. Cyndy, some dogs, and I were running naked on the beach while they filmed us. Some of this was filmed in the "Colony" in front of one of Barbra Streisand's homes. Barbra wasn't home when they took us to do the porn.

"Our love must not be a thing of words and fine talk. It must be a thing of action and sincerity." -- I John 3:18